MAYFAIR

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN Vol. 13 No. 1
60p

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THE WINNER FROM THE WINE BAR

MORGAN: A CAR THAT NEVER AGES

GOOD HEAVENS:
A CHOIRGIRL UNCLOTHED

Q-BOATS: SEA WOLVES
IN SHIP'S CLOTHING

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FROM KING'S LYNN

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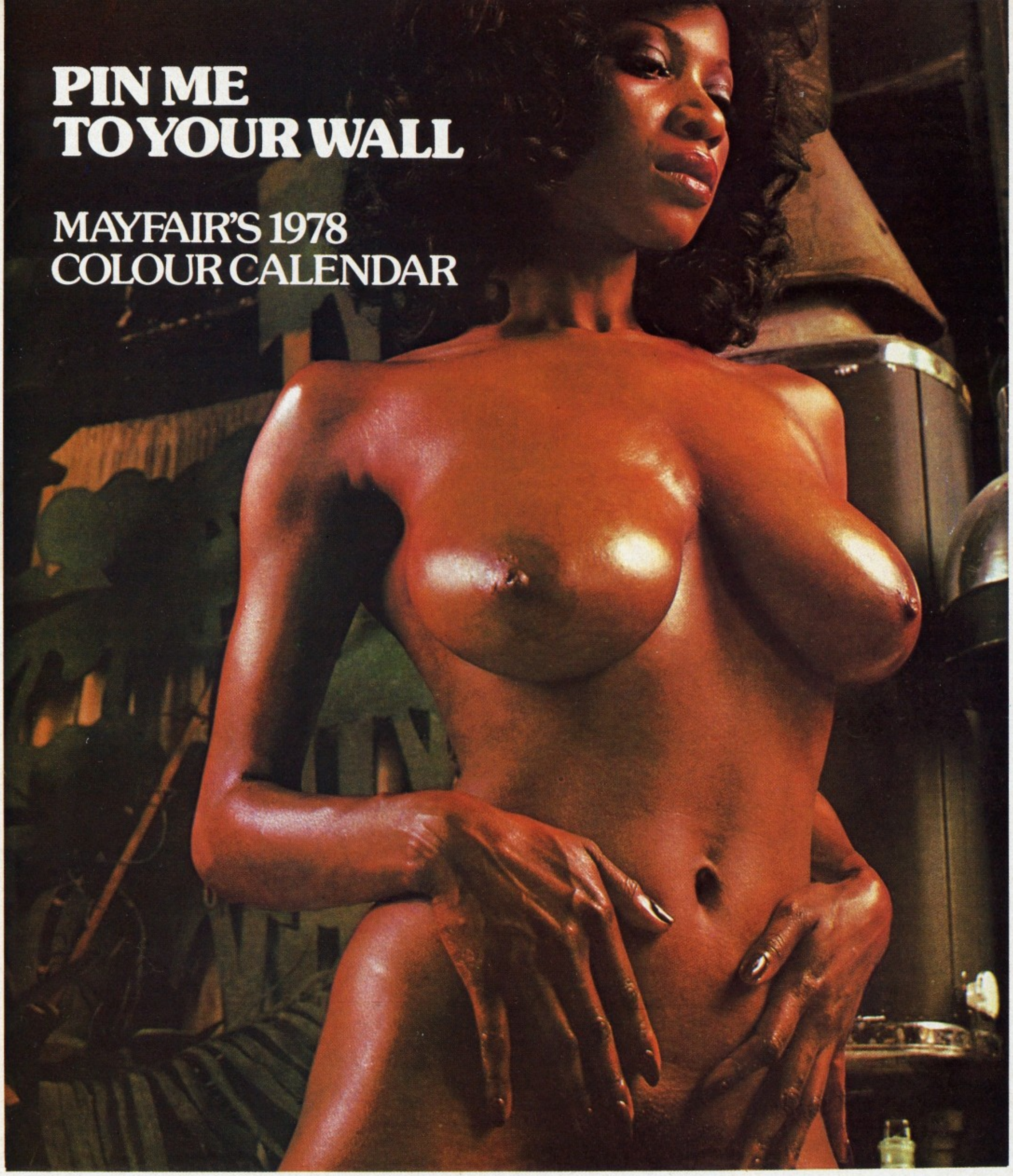
MAYFAIR'S 1978 COLOUR CALENDAR



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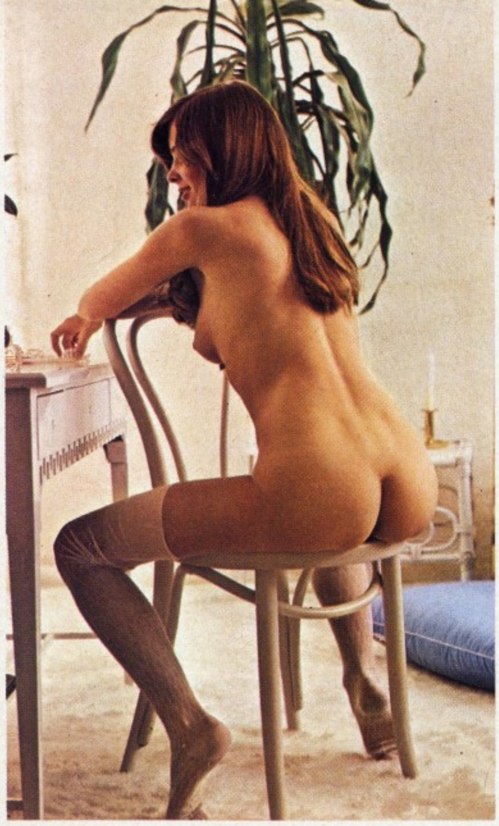
'I'm just one of your favourite *Mayfair* girls on view for 1978,' says Veronica Diemen, above, 'and *Mayfair's* calendar has eleven other great colour pictures to keep you smiling all the way through the year.' Veronica, plus her calendar colleagues, are all yours for the asking. A cheque or postal order for just £1.55, which includes plain, flat, crease-free packing plus first-class postage, ensures the safe arrival of your own personal copy of the calendar and don't forget either that if you're stumped for a last-gasp Christmas or New Year present, £1.55 won't dampen your festive spirits. But act fast, because though we try to return your calendars as quickly as we can, delays occur. So don't miss out.

Annette

London in January can be a dismal place, but not if you have seen the depths of a Swedish winter, like 23-year-old Annette Vidgeded who has just returned to England from a winter holiday in her native Gothenburg. 'You simply do not see the sun at all for months on end,' 35–24–35 Annette explains in heavily accented but otherwise impeccable English. 'Gothenburg, being in the south, is not too bad, but I have friends in Norrbotten, which is right up in the north, beyond the Arctic Circle, and they say they feel like animals that sleep all the winter long.'



It explains, continues Annette, the serious Swedish temperament. Which made the contrast all the greater when she spent several months earlier this year au-pairing in Yorkshire and absorbing some of the British northerner's bluff temperament, as well as his distinctive language. 'I think the first thing I said when I arrived in new employer's house in Ealing was, 'By gum, you have a beautiful home, haven't you?' The woman burst out laughing. I was never so embarrassed.' Londoners, she believes, tend to be slightly cooler at first than their northern brethren. 'And I have the feeling they still think all Swedish girls are sex maniacs – which is not true at all. I've met British girls whose love lives would raise many eyebrows at home. But really I find the more I travel the more alike people are underneath.'

'Cane me,' whispered the girl
in the beautifully shaped trousers. 'Is
that what you'd like to do to me?'

PSEUDO-MASOCHIST

Fiction by
Michael Crecy Peterson

'What exactly did you have in mind then?' The question comes from an immaculately made-up girl in her mid-twenties. She is sitting back in the chintz covered armchair of one of London's older and more comfortable hotels. Between us there is a brass-edged low marble table and on it rests her cup and saucer, now abandoned. I continue to sip my morning chocolate and look at her carefully before replying.

'Perhaps you could tell me first what *you* had in mind?'

ILLUSTRATION BY TERRY PASTOR

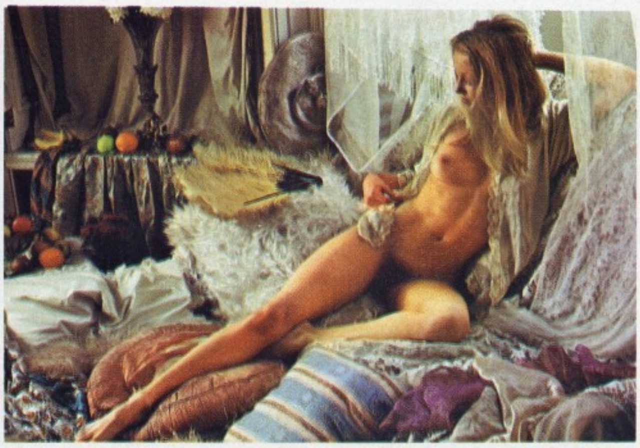
WorldM

ELIZABETH

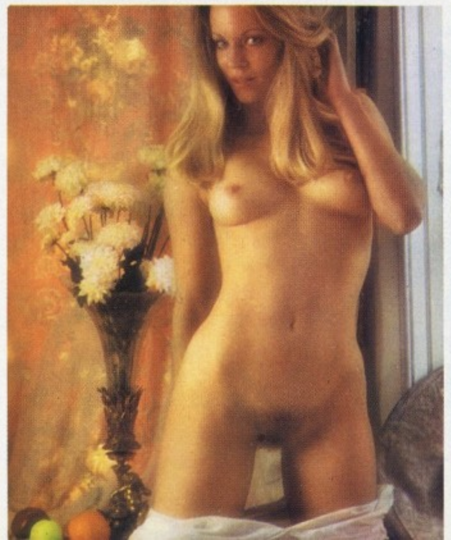
PHOTOGRAPHED BY
DAVID HINTON

Elizabeth Beckett twenty months later. Our centre-girl back in May '76 now a cool and mature 22 as opposed to the rather brash and blasé 20-year-old last encountered in London working as the personal assistant to a publisher. A girl used to money and life's better things now a little more thoughtful and a lot more likeable. 'And a bit rounder too,' smiles Elizabeth. 'I used to be very concerned about keeping perfect model-girl statistics. What was I then? 34–24–32? The middle's the same, but you can add an inch to the top and bottom now. I even wear a bra from time-to-time, which is

something I'd never have dreamed of doing then. I guess I've slowed down a lot too; no more flying off to Paris on the spur of the moment to have dinner. That's a fun kind of thing to do when you're young, but when it becomes the rule rather than the exception, you start to hanker after more simple things. Another thing's changed too. Did



you notice that the accent's fading?' Yes indeed, for despite being born in Henley-on-Thames, an education at the American School in Geneva left Elizabeth with a vocal twang that owed more to Baltimore than Berkshire. 'It was always a bit of an embarrassment,' maintains Elizabeth, 'and I'm glad that I'm starting to sound English again. Trouble is that whenever I'm with Americans, the accent comes back and takes a day or so to fade again. Still, another couple of years and even Professor Higgins wouldn't be able to find fault.' And what of Elizabeth's sporting activities? 'You mean the cricket?' she laughs. 'I played once or twice during the summer, well, what there was of summer, but I'm very into jogging at the moment. It's a nice, laid-back way of working off big dinners and lazy weekends. That and playing frisbee in the park.' She winks. 'You ought to see my backhand toss or my forehand flick.' Elizabeth breaks off laughing. 'What do you mean, chance would be a fine thing? You're being deliberately rude aren't you?' In a word – Yes.



When the vaulted arches of Gloucester Cathedral ring to the massed voices of its famous Three Choirs Festival – an honour the cathedral shares in turn with its counterparts in Worcester and Hereford – it's hard for the stoniest of hearts not to feel uplifted. But even the most dedicated male chorister might be forgiven a momentary waver if his gaze happened to catch 35–23–35 inch Jill Stonegate drawing breath for a particularly long-held note. 'Actually,' she admits, 'I was getting some funny looks when I took part, but that was mainly because I shouldn't have been there!' She explains: 'I've always taken music lessons and I sing soprano regularly with a local choral group. I have friends in Gloucester and I do like to get down there for the Three Choirs if I can. Anyway, that year one of the local Gloucester sopranos that my friends knew fell ill just before a performance, and the work just happened to be what I'd been rehearsing in London. So that's how I ended up in the Three Choirs. I doubt that I'd have made it any other way!'

JILL

PHOTOGRAPHED BY
STEPHEN OLIVER

desk groaning under a welter of records and paperwork, but also a nippy maroon 1275GT Mini ('A company car sadly') to venues up and down the nation's highways and byways to check out new acts and keep tabs on the welfare of those already under her wing. 'It's groups that most places are interested in,' maintains Caroline, 'though of course we handle all manner of variety acts too in the shape of comedians and magicians and impersonators.' She laughs. 'Honestly I get to the stage sometimes when I feel that if I see one more Tommy Cooper impression I shall scream. My favourite impersonator? Oh Freddie Starr without a doubt. He's totally brilliant and a real sweetie too, a dinky little darling.' A grin. 'My only regret is that he supports Everton. I was born in Liverpool too, though I'm one of the Red Army.' Now an expatriate Liverpudlian, Caroline lives in a flat in Islington not far away from the *Hope and Anchor*, a pub famed for the quality of the groups that appear there. 'Yes,' says Caroline, 'it's one of my regular haunts. A great many

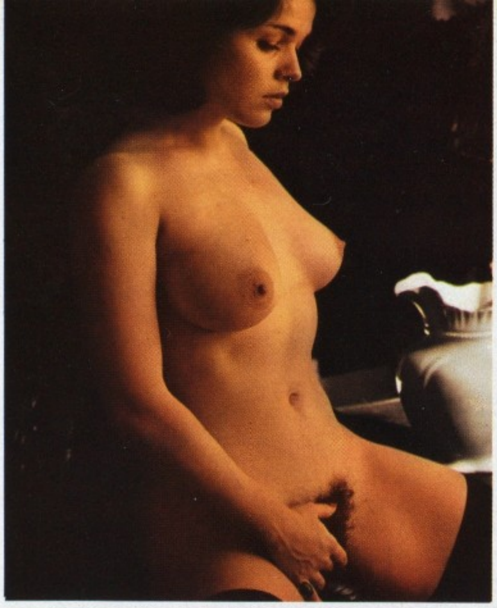
pubs have live music nowadays, so I'm always in and out of places like the *Hope and Anchor* and the *Nashville* and the *Greyhound* down in Fulham. Others? Heavens, you're asking for a list of practically every pub and club in London that features live music. My favourite places are *Dingwalls* in Camden Lock and *Cesars Palace* which is cheating a bit as it's just outside London – in Luton to be exact – but working at those places is a pleasure as the surroundings are so nice. Outside town, well, you don't want another list, do you. Suffice it to say that at some stage or other I've visited practically everywhere from *Batley Variety* down.' Caroline pauses. 'I know what you're going to ask next. You're going to ask what I do for relaxation. The answer is I hardly ever seem to relax. The one great regret I have is that I don't have a regular boyfriend. When I started in this job I had to make a choice between work and social life and the former won, but I'm always with people so I never have time to sit and feel sorry for myself. I think I'll have to end up marrying a musician so we can go out on the road together, as that's about the only way we'd ever get to see each other.' She giggles infectiously. 'I'd be a legalised groupie wouldn't I?' One-man bands may apply right here!

MAEVE

PHOTOGRAPHED BY SIWER OHLSSON

'I may not here omit those two main plagues, and common dotages of human kind, wine and women, which have infatuated and besotted myriads of people. They go commonly together.' This rather jaundiced view of two of the greater pleasures of life was penned by writer Robert Burton in his book *Anatomy of Melancholy* and, hardly surprisingly, it's a view with which 22-year-old Maeve Kennedy does

in bulls and bears than boobs. We always used to do rather well whenever there was a slump in the market with people staggering in ashen-faced to drown their sorrows in a glass of something.' And what of Maeve's own alcoholic tastes? 'I don't really like Port,' she replies. 'It's a bit too sweet and heavy for me. When I was behind the bar, I'd always have a Muscadet if anyone offered me a drink, though I suppose that my favourite wines are the top-class Beaujolais like Moulin-à-Vent and Brouilly.' She grins. 'Boyfriends often let me choose the wine when we're out, which is something that I take as rather a compliment. I try not to break their bank balances as restaurant wines can be expensive. Wine bars are much better value – but I am biased.' Never mind Maeve, the first round's on you.



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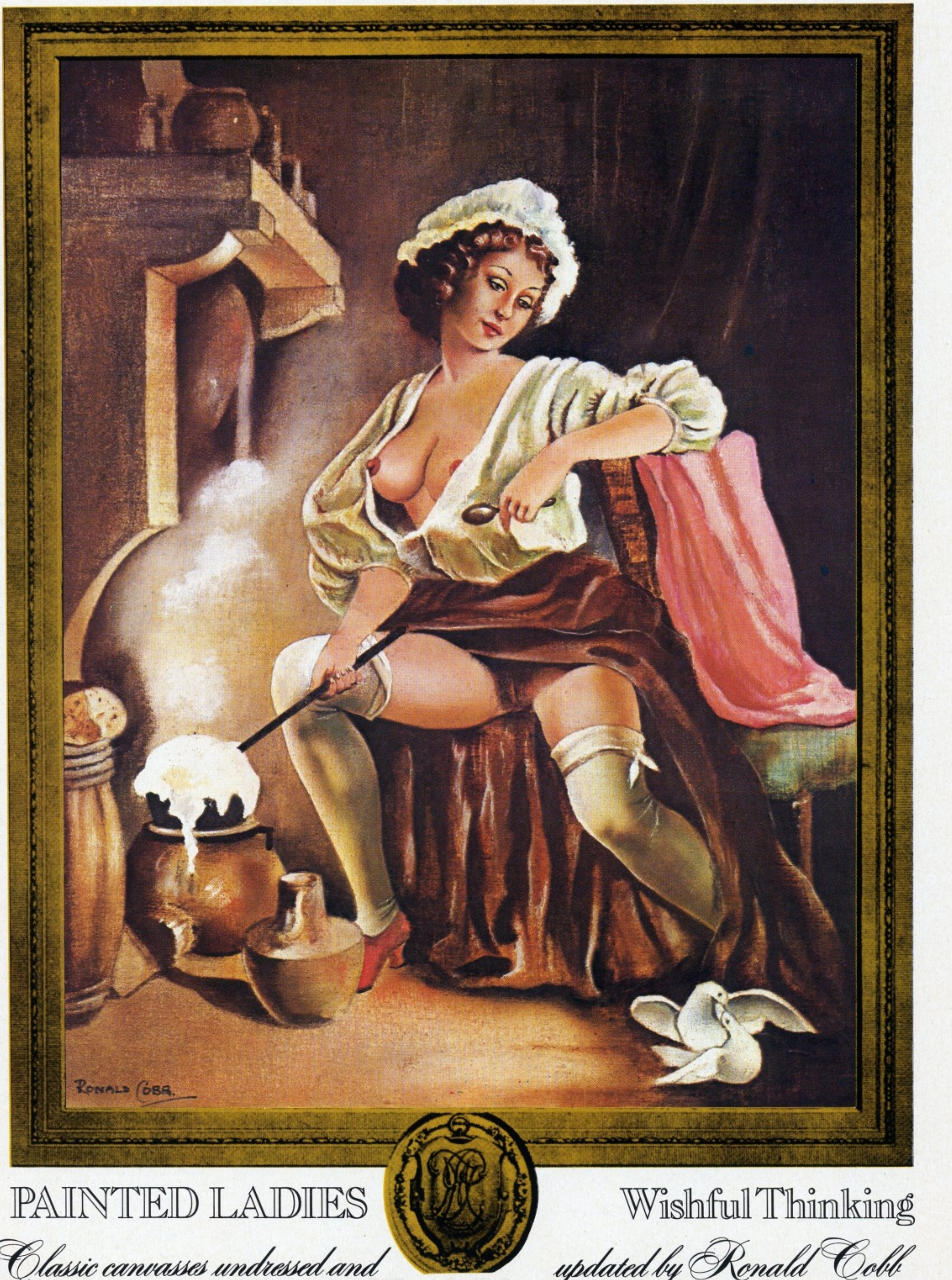

RONALD COBB

PAINTED LADIES

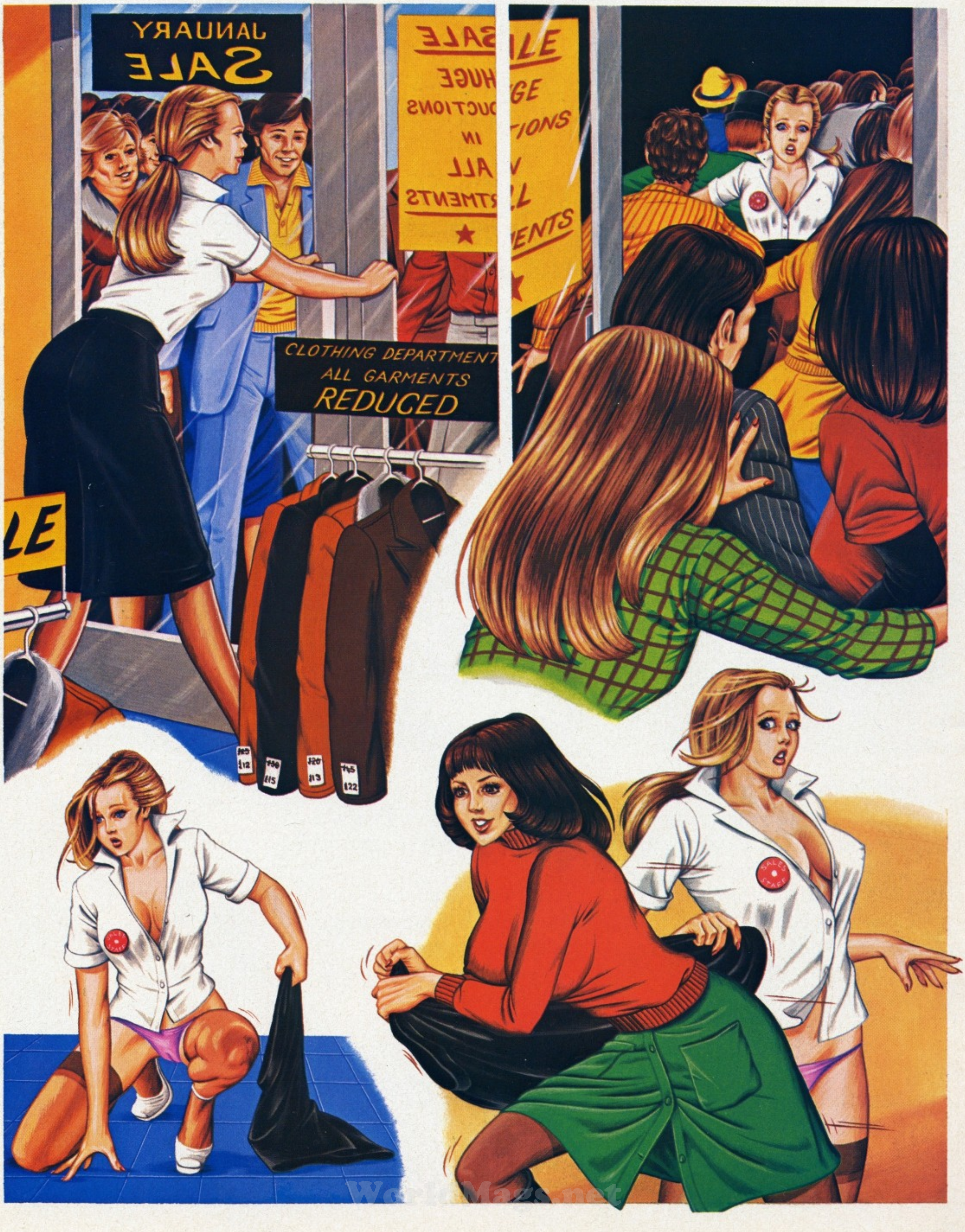
Classic canvasses undressed and updated by Ronald Cobb

Wishful Thinking

'Mind you,' she adds, her blonde hair glinting in the sunlight, 'I could be wooed away, especially if I get any more trips. Before this, I'd never been out of England. Men? I've had boyfriends but they've always been about my own age. The youngish trendy ones seem to give me a miss. Perhaps they think I'm too good for them – I'm not being conceited really – but men think like that. And being blonde doesn't help. Sometimes I wish I had the confidence to go up to and talk to a boy I fancied – or better still, I wish he'd do it to me. I don't bite, honest. Well, not until later,' she giggles. Why the interest in Mother Shipton? 'She was amazing. She predicted cars, tobacco, submarines, the Crystal Palace and the Great Fire of London. Even the day and hour when she'd die. Not bad, eh?'

CARRIE

A sale struggle gives Carrie an arresting time


JANUARY SALE
SALE HUGE REDUCTIONS IN ALL DEPARTMENTS
CLOTHING DEPARTMENT ALL GARMENTS REDUCED
LE
SALES STAFF

Between singing the praises of Mother Shipton, Yvonne, who measures a curvy 36–23–35, spends her working day as a shop assistant in nearby Harrogate. 'It is extremely pretty there, but at night there is absolutely nothing to do. In fact, I'm torn between the pros and cons of living up in Yorkshire and living in the big cities. Two of my girlfriends have moved away – one to London, the other to university in Manchester – and it's funny, the one in Manchester says she really enjoys it and the one down south says that she really believes that she made a mistake by going there. Still, Harrogate was described on television by a famous ex-patriot as being populated by geriatrics – wealthy ones though. I suppose it all boils down to what you want. Myself, I prefer the friendly atmosphere you get up north.